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# OUT OF the NIGHT

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# PREMIUMS - CASH
# GIVEN

Boys - Girls
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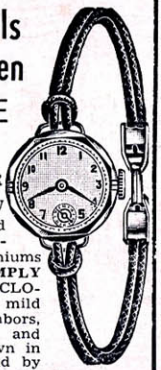
WE ARE RELIABLE



OUR 57th YEAR

**MAIL COUPON NOW**

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you.

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# PREMIUMS - CASH
# GIVEN

WE ARE RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!
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**MAIL COUPON NOW**

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# GIVEN
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# GIVEN
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# GIVEN
## PREMIUMS - CASH

Our 57th Year Act Now

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MAIL COUPON

MAIL COUPON NOW

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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....

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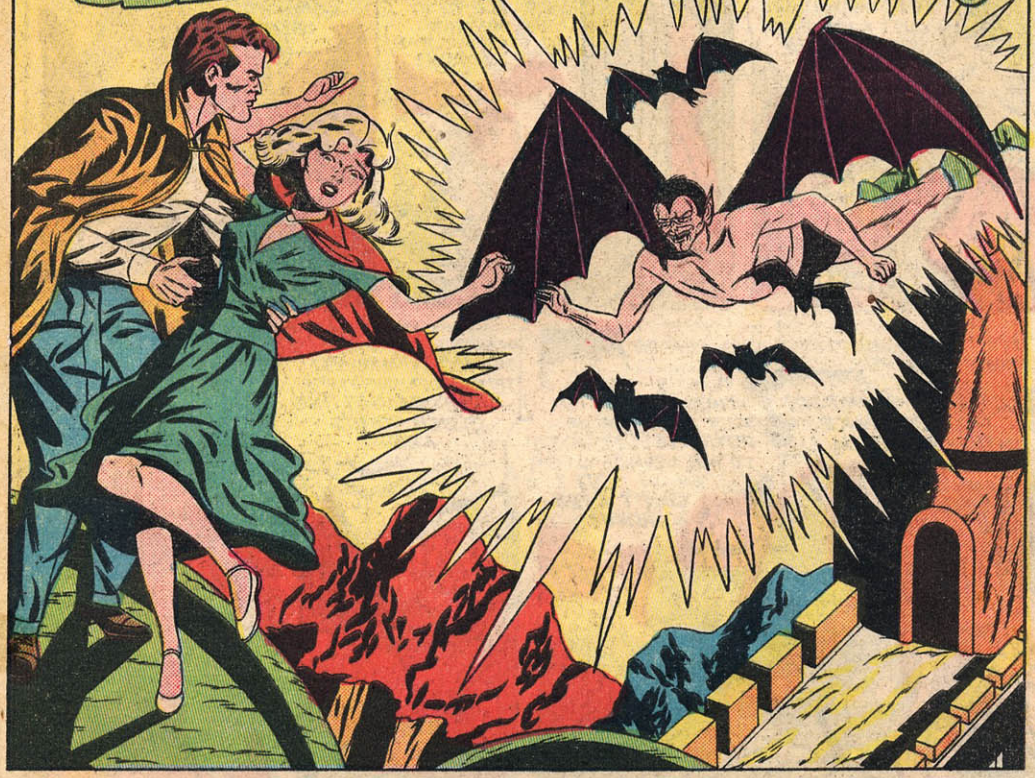
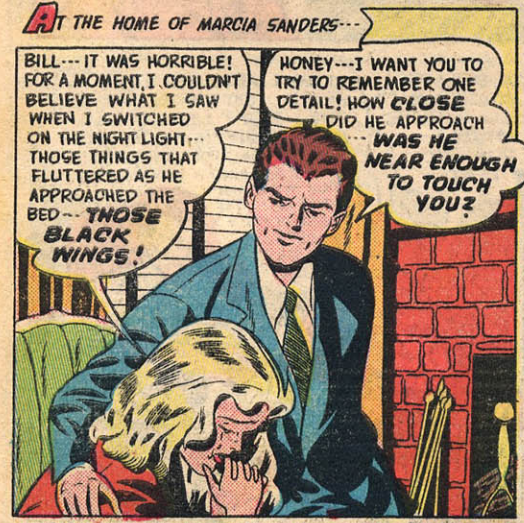
Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

THE BITE OF A VAMPIRE MEANS SOMETHING NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE---A RAW HORROR THAT MAKES EVERY NERVE IN THE VICTIM'S BODY TWITCH AT THE CREEPING APPROACH OF MIDNIGHT! BUT IT'S A HORROR THAT DOESN'T STOP AT BEING FELT---IT'S A THING THAT GROWS AND GROWS---IT'S THE TOUCH OF JAGGED WINGS UNFOLDING FOR

# The VAMPIRE'S FATE!





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THAT'S TONIGHT, BILL! AND I KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHERE I GO---OR HOW MUCH I TRY TO HIDE---
HE'LL FIND ME!
YEP---A VAMPIRE CAN SENSE THE PRESENCE OF HIS CHOSEN VICTIM! BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN THAT CLOSET JUST A FEW FEET AWAY--- WHILE I OCCUPY THE BED!
THAT NIGHT---AT THE LAST HOLLOW STROKE OF TWELVE---
BILL---CAN YOU HEAR THOSE SOFT, PADDING FOOTSTEPS? HE'S COMING!
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, MARCIA---DON'T LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE THERE! I'M GOING TO PULL THE SHEET OVER MY FACE---AND TRY TO GRAB HIM WHEN HE STALKS CLOSE ENOUGH!
LIKE A THROTTLED GASP, THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN---AND IN THE BROODING HALF LIGHT---
AHH! SHE SLEEPS---BUT TONIGHT I WILL MAKE SURE SHE DOES NOT AWAKEN---UNTIL MY FANGS HAVE MARKED HER FOR THE VAMPIRE'S FATE!
THEN---WITH THE JAGGED WINGS TWITCHING AT THE THOUGHT OF PREY---
SLUMBER---SLUMBER! DO NOT WAKE UNTIL MY VICTIM I CAN TAKE!
YE GODS---THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT VOICE THAT'S MADE ME POWERLESS! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO FIGHT HIM OFF---BUT I CAN'T EVEN MOVE!
HEAVENS---WHY DOESN'T BILL DO SOMETHING? THOSE GLEAMING FANGS---THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE TO HIS ARM---
AS MARCIA'S SCREAM RINGS THROUGH THE ROOM---
HAA! NOW SHE KNOWS WHOSE VOICE SHE HEARD---AND THE MEANING OF TWO CRIMSON GASHES ON HER WRIST!
OHH!
OH, BILL! I'D RATHER HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM MYSELF--- THAN WATCH THAT!
IT CAN'T BE HELPED NOW, MARCIA---BUT FOR THE LOVE OF PETE---DON'T LET THE VAMPIRE KNOW! IF WE CAN KEEP HIM THINKING YOU'RE THE VICTIM---WE MAY FIND A WAY OF DEALING WITH HIM! COME ON---THE FRONT DOOR'S LOCKED---HE CAN'T GET OUT!
2.

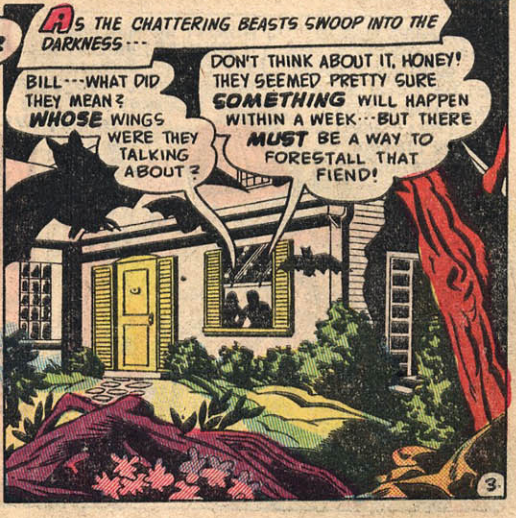
SECONDS LATER, AT THE FRONT DOOR---
MAYBE---BUT YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT! YOU'RE A PERFECT TARGET!
HA HA! THE GIRL THINKS ME LOATHSOME NOW---BUT WHAT A CHANGE THERE WILL BE--- SEVEN NIGHTS LATER!

OTHER FOOLS HAVE TRIED WITH BOILING OIL AND RED-HOT STAKES--- AND YOU THINK BULLETS CAN HARM ME! FIRE ---FIRE POINT-BLANK--- AND LEARN WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST!
BANG!
BANG!

Then---IN A FLASH ALIVE WITH HIDEOUS MOTION---
BILL! HIS BODY'S CHANGING---INTO A CREEPING MASS OF FURRY THINGS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT---AS THE GLOW FADES INTO FLUTTERING SHADOW---
YE GODS! THOSE BATS ARE HIS OTHER SELF, MARCIA--- THEY'RE PROOF OF WHAT THAT DEMON REALLY IS!

NOW THE VAMPIRE'S FATE YOU'LL KNOW!
FOR SEVEN NIGHTS YOUR WINGS WILL GROW!
AND YOUR ENDLESS FUTURE SHOW!

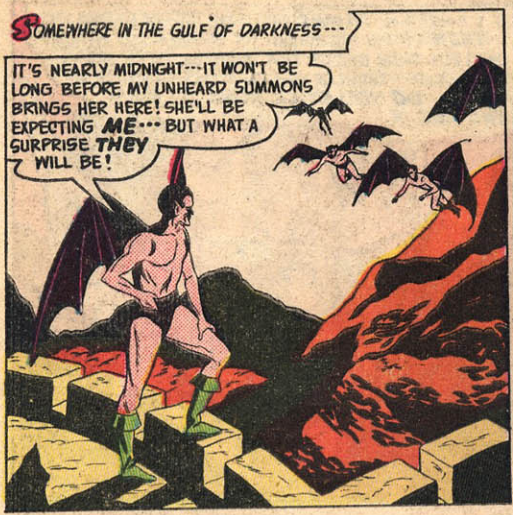

AS THE CHATTERING BEASTS SWOOP INTO THE DARKNESS---
BILL---WHAT DID THEY MEAN? WHOSE WINGS WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT?
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, HONEY! THEY SEEMED PRETTY SURE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN WITHIN A WEEK---BUT THERE MUST BE A WAY TO FORESTALL THAT FIEND!
3.

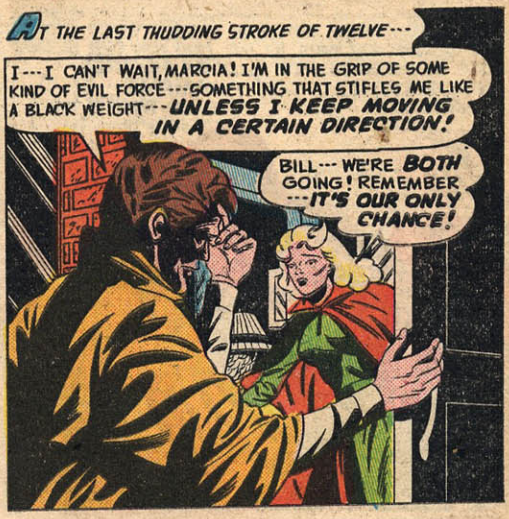
MEANWHILE···SINCE THE VAMPIRE THINKS YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS BITTEN···HE'LL PROBABLY RETURN HERE TO CHECK THE RESULTS! WE'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO SLEEP BY DAY, MARCIA··· BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO STAY AWAKE FOR THE NEXT SEVEN NIGHTS···JUST TO BE READY FOR ANY-THING THAT CREEP HAS IN MIND!
AS BILL DRIVES HOME IN THE GREY DAMPNESS OF DAWN···
VAMPIRES AREN'T ACTIVE BY DAY··· SO IT'LL BE OKAY TO LEAVE MARCIA ALONE! BUT THERE'S ONE BIG QUESTION MARK I DIDN'T WANT TO ALARM HER ABOUT ···WHAT WILL THE CURSE OF THOSE FANGS DO TO ME?
TWO NIGHTS LATER···
I'M BEGINNING TO LOOK FORWARD TO THESE MIDNIGHT VIGILS, DARLING! BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PAIN YOU HAD IN YOUR SHOULDERS LAST EVENING··· DID IT GO AWAY?
HONEY··· IT WAS JUST A TRIFLE! I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!
AS FOR THIS CLOAK, IT'S JUST A WHIM ···SO THAT'S ANOTHER THING WE NEEDN'T DISCUSS!
BILL···WHAT'S WRONG? SOMETHING'S TROUBLING YOU···AND YOU'RE TRYING TO COVER UP!
YOUR SHOULDERS! GOOD HEAVENS, BILL··· I CAN FEEL SOMETHING ···LIKE LITTLE BRISTLING WINGS!
THEY'LL GROW! I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T FIND OUT, MARCIA···BUT IT'S HAPPEN-ING···JUST AS THOSE BATS SAID IT WOULD!
THE VAMPIRE'S SURE TO RETURN···AND ONE GLANCE WILL SHOW HIM YOU'RE NOT THE VICTIM! ALL HE'LL HAVE TO DO IS REPEAT THAT SPELL···AND THEN I'LL BE THE ONE WHO WATCHES!
IT WON'T HAPPEN, BILL··· IT CAN'T! I'VE GOT ALL THE DOORS AND WIN-DOWS LOCKED···THERE'S NO WAY FOR HIM TO GET IN!
MAYBE NOT HIM···BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE BATS? LISTEN TO THAT RUSTLING···THEY'RE COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY!
BILL···TRICKING THE VAMPIRE WAS YOUR IDEA! WE CAN STILL DO IT···IF WE'RE BOTH WEARING CAPES!
4.

REMEMBER, BILL---I'M THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BITTEN! IF I CAN PUT ON A CONVINCING ACT---MAYBE THE VAMPIRE WON'T LOOK TO SEE IF I'M REALLY GROWING WINGS!
FOR A SECOND---THE SQUEAKING CREATURES MERGE IN A CLOT OF HORROR!
WATCHING THAT FIEND TAKE SHAPE IS A CHILLING SIGHT, MARCIA---BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'D BETTER GET USED TO IT!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? WASN'T THE AGONY OF YOUR FANGS BAD ENOUGH---WITHOUT THESE MONSTROUS THINGS SPROUTING FROM MY BACK?
HA HA! YOU'RE BOUND TO FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT THEM NOW---WHEN THEY'RE SO STUNTED---SO USELESS! BUT WAIT UNTIL THE SEVENTH NIGHT---WHEN THEY'RE LARGE ENOUGH FOR YOUR FIRST FLIGHT---THE FLIGHT THAT WILL MAKE YOU A VAMPIRE!
OKAY---LAUGH! BUT IF THERE'S A WAY TO SEND YOU BACK TO THE OOZE OF PERDITION---I'M WARNING YOU---I'LL FIND IT!
THEN START LOOKING FOR THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER VAMPIRE---BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN KILL ME!
IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY VICTIMIZE ONE OF MY OWN KIND---THEN I'D DIE THE INSTANT ITS BLOOD MIXED WITH MY OWN! BUT THINK OF HOW FEW VAMPIRES THERE ARE IN THE WORLD---THINK OF HOW CAREFULLY I CHOOSE MY VICTIMS---DO YOU STILL HOPE TO SAVE THE GIRL?
IN A SURGE OF RAGE---
YOU BLACK-HEARTED DEMON---I WISH I COULD DO IT THIS WAY!
POW!
ALMOST IN THE SAME SECOND---
HA HA HA!
BILL---HE'S UNDERGOING ANOTHER CHANGE!
5

FIVE MORE NIGHTS ---THE VAMPIRE'S FATE!
SHE WILL COME TO WHERE WE WAIT!
BILL---IT'S HOPELESS! WE CAN'T DO AWAY WITH THE VAMPIRE--- AND WE CAN'T SAVE YOU!
I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT, MARCIA! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER VAMPIRE? THERE WILL BE ANOTHER VAMPIRE ON THE SEVENTH NIGHT---BUT IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR NERVE THROUGH THE ORDEAL--- HE WON'T KNOW IT'S ME!

THE SLOW NIGHTS PASS---NIGHTS MARKED BY GROWING TERROR---AND GROWING WINGS!
BILL HASN'T REMOVED HIS CLOAK ONCE IN MY PRESENCE! HE HASN'T WANTED TO TERRIFY ME---OR HAVE ME SEE HOW MUCH THOSE HIDEOUS WINGS AFFECT HIM! BUT HE HASN'T CHANGED IN MY EYES---AND WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE ORDEAL AHEAD TOGETHER!


SOMEWHERE IN THE GULF OF DARKNESS---
IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT---IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE MY UNHEARD SUMMONS BRINGS HER HERE! SHE'LL BE EXPECTING ME--- BUT WHAT A SURPRISE THEY WILL BE!


AT THE LAST THUDDING STROKE OF TWELVE---
I---I CAN'T WAIT, MARCIA! I'M IN THE GRIP OF SOME KIND OF EVIL FORCE---SOMETHING THAT STIFLES ME LIKE A BLACK WEIGHT---UNLESS I KEEP MOVING IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION!
BILL--- WE'RE BOTH GOING! REMEMBER ---IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

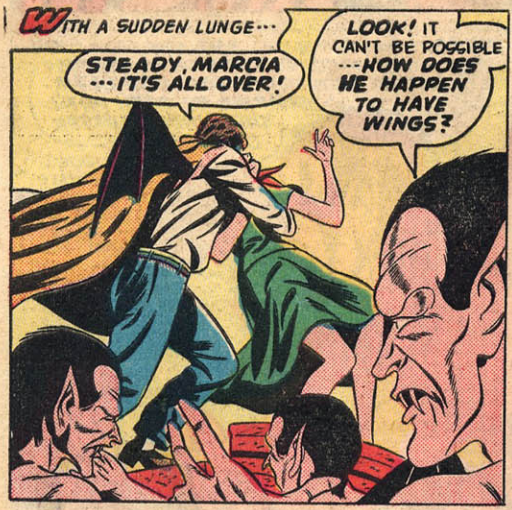
MILES BEYOND---IN A FOREST WHERE THE TREES LOOM LIKE STRICKEN WRAITHS---
I'M THE ONE THE VAMPIRE WILL BE INTERESTED IN, BILL! I'LL TRY TO GO THROUGH WITH IT ---BECAUSE I'M SURE YOU'LL HIT UPON A WAY TO SAVE US!
THERE IS A WAY, HONEY---BUT IT'LL MEAN KEEPING UP THE DECEPTION TO THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND! IF THE VAMPIRE SUSPECTS ANYTHING BEFORE THEN--- WE'LL BOTH BE DOOMED!

Then---REARING FROM THE DARKNESS---
HERE'S THE PLACE, MARCIA---BUT GOOD GOSH---WHO ARE THEY?
THINGS---LIKE HIM! ONE VAMPIRE WAS BAD ENOUGH, BILL---BUT HOW CAN WE FACE THOSE CREATURES---WITH WINGS AND FANGS ALL AROUND US?

WITH HIS GRISLY ALLIES GATHERED AROUND HIM---
THIS WILL BE A SPECTACLE I WANTED MY FELLOW-FIENDS TO WITNESS! COME UP---AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE RITUAL OF DARKNESS THAT WILL MAKE YOU ONE OF US!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MARCIA---I CAN'T EXPECT YOU TO FACE THOSE JABBERING FREAKS! I WAS DESPERATE---I THOUGHT IT MIGHT WORK---BUT I MIGHT AS WELL SPARE YOU AND FACE THEM ALONE!
BILL---DON'T YOU REALIZE I LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ANYTHING THEY CAN DO? DON'T GIVE IN NOW BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M AFRAID---BECAUSE THE ONE THING I FEAR IS LOSING YOU!
SHE IS THE ONE WE HAVE COME TO SEE! SHE'LL TRY HER WINGS ... AND A VAMPIRE BE!
THERE IS WHERE YOU WILL MAKE YOUR FIRST FLIGHT---YOUR WINGS UNFOLDING AS YOU SWOOP A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND! CLIMB UP---AND LET A VAMPIRE BE BORN WITH THE QUICK FLUTTER OF WINGS!
DON'T HESITATE, HONEY---NOW WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH THE BLUFF!
THEN---AT A BRINK THAT SPRAWLS INTO THE GLOOM BELOW---
FLY! FLY! PROVE YOU ARE ONE OF US!
BILL TOLD ME I'D HAVE TO HOLD OUT UNTIL THE LAST SECOND---BUT I'M GETTING DIZZY---I'M ON THE VERGE OF FALLING!
SUDDENLY---
MARCIA---DON'T! MAYBE YOU CAN'T SAVE YOURSELF FROM BECOMING A VAMPIRE---BUT ONCE IT HAPPENS--- WE'LL BE SEPARATED FOREVER!
DO YOU THINK SO, FOOL---DON'T YOU REALIZE WHY SHE LURED YOU HERE? YOUR SEPARATION WILL LAST JUST SEVEN NIGHTS--- BECAUSE YOU'RE ANOTHER VICTIM I'VE MARKED FOR THE VAMPIRE'S FATE!
7.

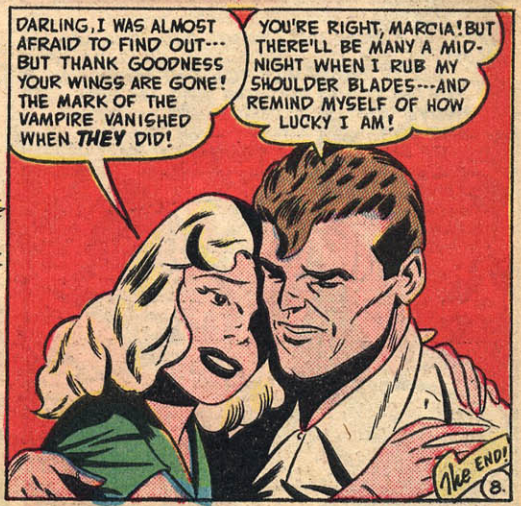
NO···NO! I UNDERWENT THE HORROR OF WATCHING HER SUBMIT TO YOUR FANGS··· AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET IT HAPPEN TO ME!
YOU THINK YOU CAN RESIST, EH? I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT ···NOT MY FANGS ALONE SHALL CLAIM YOU···BUT THE FANGS OF ALL OF US!

IN A BRISTLING WAVE OF TERROR···
HE WILL BEAR A DOZEN SCARS TO MARK THIS NIGHT!
IT'S HIDEOUS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE WATCHED···I'M LOSING MY BALANCE···


WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE···
STEADY, MARCIA ···IT'S ALL OVER!
LOOK! IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE ···HOW DOES HE HAPPEN TO HAVE WINGS?

I'D BETTER EXPLAIN FAST, YOU SLAB-FACED HYENA··· BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE FOULING THE EARTH MUCH LONGER! YOU VICTIMIZED ME SEVEN NIGHTS AGO···MY WINGS ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO TURN ME INTO A VAMPIRE IF YOU HAD FORCED ME TO MAKE MY FIRST FLIGHT···AND MAYBE YOU REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED ···TRICKED INTO BITING SOMEONE READY TO BECOME A VAMPIRE! ALL OF US···WE'RE DOOMED!

THEN···FOR A BRIEF INSTANT BEFORE EXTINCTION ···THE VAMPIRES SHOW THEIR TRUE ASPECT!
AAAGH!


DARLING, I WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO FIND OUT··· BUT THANK GOODNESS YOUR WINGS ARE GONE! THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE VANISHED WHEN THEY DID!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MARCIA! BUT THERE'LL BE MANY A MIDNIGHT WHEN I RUB MY SHOULDER BLADES···AND REMIND MYSELF OF HOW LUCKY I AM!
THE END!

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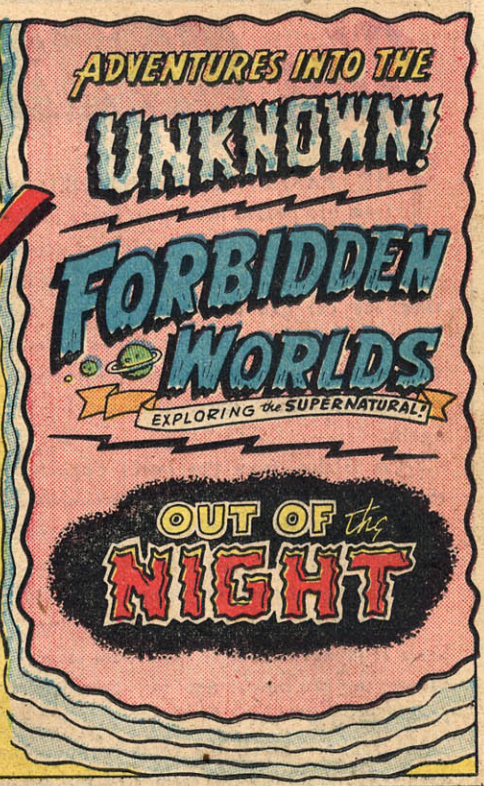


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City _____ Zone ____ State ____

Initials for Ring _____ _____
(FIRST) (LAST)

Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R. I.

# The IMPOSTOR

THE FARMER STRAIGHTENED up from his potato hoeing to stare at the roadster being driven recklessly across the furrowed field toward him. But by the time the car had bounced to a halt and the young man with the press camera slung from his shoulder had jumped out, the farmer was unconcernedly hoeing again.

"I'm Blake, from the *Daily Gazette,*" the stranger said, flashing a press card. "I'm investigating reports that a meteor landed someplace in this neighborhood last night. Know anything about it?"

Still hoeing, the farmer said, "Yep, I seen it myself. But it warn't no meteor. 'Twar a machine, one of them there rocket things!"

"A rocket ship!" the reporter shouted excitedly, grabbing the farmer by the arm. "Great Scott, don't stand there, man... get in the car and show me where it landed!"

Minutes later, the car pulled up in front of a strange-looking, cigar-shaped object about thirty feet long, partly buried in the ground as if it had fallen from a great height. "You were *right,*" Blake said, leaping out of the car and unlimbering his camera. "Look...there's a sort of door near the tail...and it's open! Did you see it land...did anything come out of the ship?"

"Yep...I was out takin' a walk with my hound when that thar thing came crashin' down out of the night. As soon as I seed that door open, a grabbed aholt of my dawg's jaws so's he couldn't bark...an' then I hid behind those berry bushes, watchin'. Fust a green jelly-like thing slobbered out onto the ground, right onto one o' my cabbages...an' then alluva sudden, thar was this great big cabbage 'bout the same size as that jelly-thing, slidin' across the ground. Shore was right funny to see a walkin' cabbage 'bout as big as a man!"

"Go on, go on...what happened next?"

"Wal, thar I was holdin' onto Spud... my dawg...fer dear life, 'cause he was strainin' to get at that walkin' cabbage. Then a rabbit bounced outa the bushes... an' quick like lightnin', that cabbage changed back into jelly an' was streakin' across the ground after the rabbit. It caught it in a matter o' seconds... an' then thar was this rabbit, jest 'bout big as a man. Wal, after that, thar was jest no holdin' Spud...he jumped outa my hands and went yelpin' fer that rabbit. But soon as he got to it, that rabbit jest changed back into jelly...an' then thar was a man-sized Spud comin' toward me!"

Blake gasped. "I get it now...that jelly-like thing from another world has the power of assuming the shape and outward appearance of anything it touches! What...what happened then?"

"Wal, you kin bet yore bottom cent that I run like blue blazes from that new Spud. But it *caught* me!"

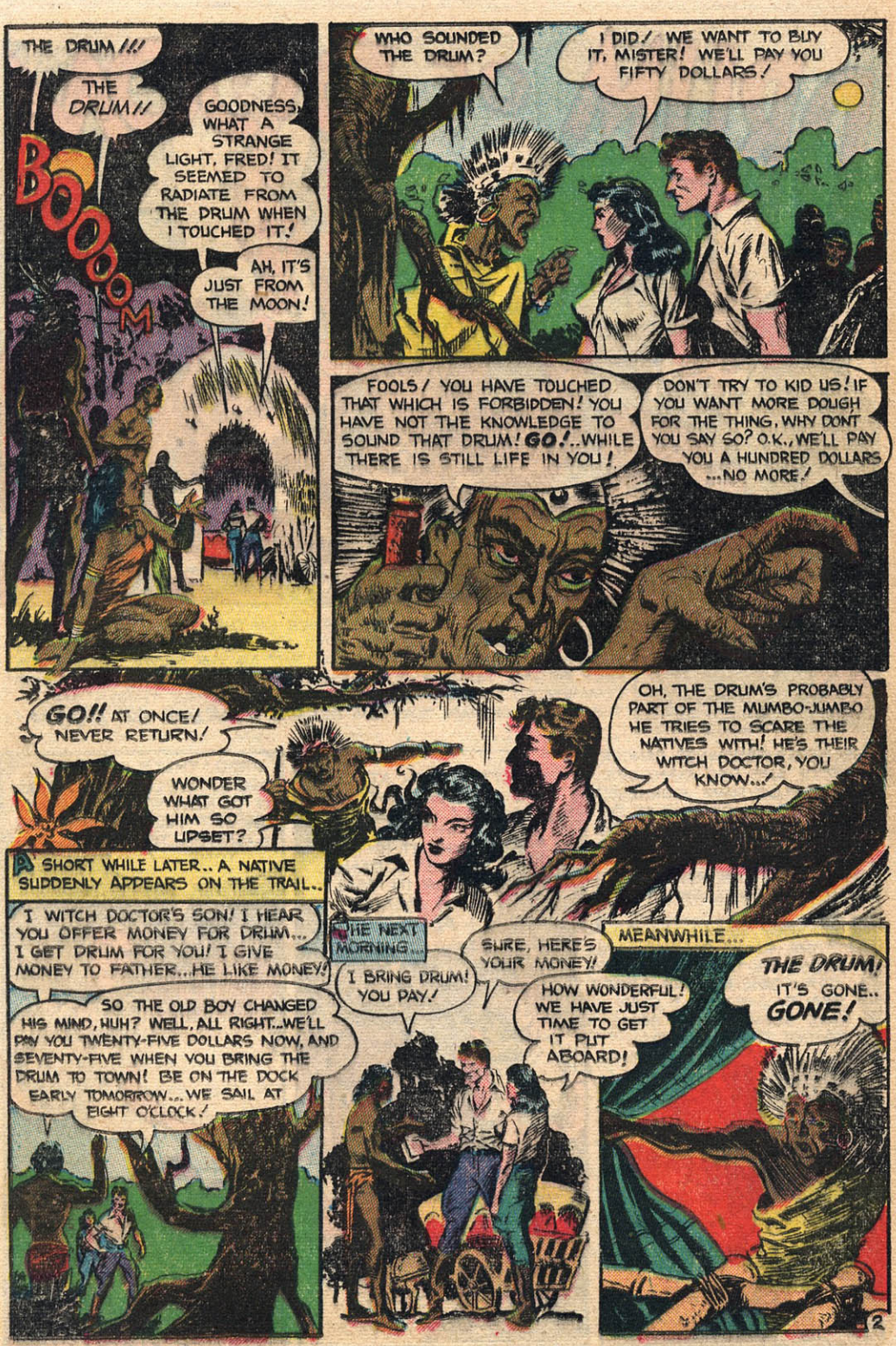
"C...caught you?" stammered Blake, backing away from the farmer with a look of dawning understanding and terror in his eyes. "Then...then *you're* ..."

"Keerect," the farmer said, changing into a man-sized jelly-like mass and touching the reporter. Minutes later, Blake...or a thing that looked like Blake...was driving the car back toward the city, toward a whole new world to conquer.

# DRUM OF DOOM

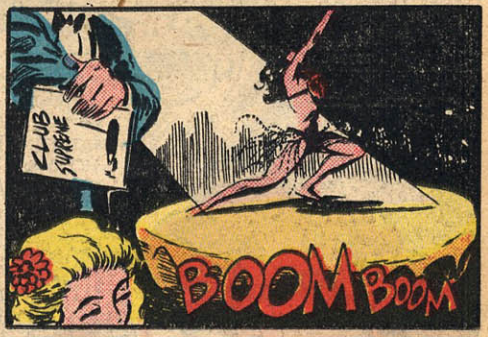
IT WAS A NOVEL IDEA...THIS DANCE ON THE LARGE NATIVE DRUM! PATRONS CROWDED THE EXCLUSIVE NEW YORK NIGHT CLUB TO SEE THE FAMOUS ANNETTE PERFORM! BUT AS THE EXOTIC DANCER'S FEET BEGAN TAPPING OUT A RHYTHMIC TATTOO, STRANGE THINGS COMMENCED HAPPENING... HORRIBLE, UNEARTHLY THINGS! AND THE GIANT HAITIAN TOM-TOM BECAME A ***DRUM OF DOOM!***

THE WORLD-RENOWNED DANCER, ANNETTE, AND HER MANAGER, FRED TAYLOR, HAVE JOURNEYED DEEP INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE MYSTERIOUS HAITIAN HILLS...TO OBSERVE A NATIVE DANCE./

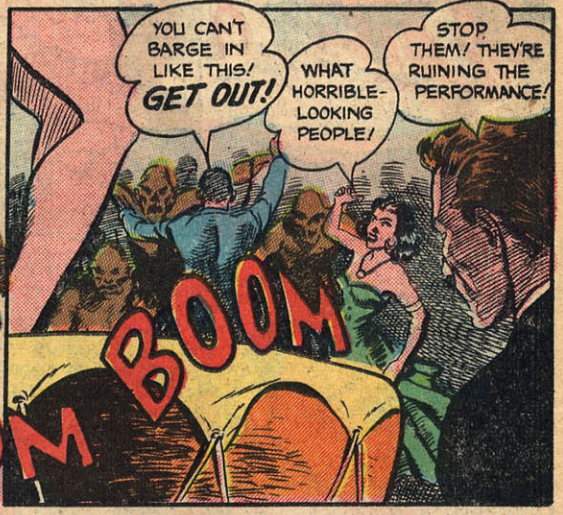

THE DRUM!!!
THE DRUM!!
BOOOOM
GOODNESS, WHAT A STRANGE LIGHT, FRED! IT SEEMED TO RADIATE FROM THE DRUM WHEN I TOUCHED IT!
AH, IT'S JUST FROM THE MOON!
WHO SOUNDED THE DRUM?
I DID./ WE WANT TO BUY IT, MISTER! WE'LL PAY YOU FIFTY DOLLARS!
FOOLS! YOU HAVE TOUCHED THAT WHICH IS FORBIDDEN! YOU HAVE NOT THE KNOWLEDGE TO SOUND THAT DRUM! GO!..WHILE THERE IS STILL LIFE IN YOU!
DON'T TRY TO KID US! IF YOU WANT MORE DOUGH FOR THE THING, WHY DONT YOU SAY SO? O.K., WE'LL PAY YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS ...NO MORE!
GO!! AT ONCE! NEVER RETURN!
WONDER WHAT GOT HIM SO UPSET?
OH, THE DRUM'S PROBABLY PART OF THE MUMBO-JUMBO HE TRIES TO SCARE THE NATIVES WITH! HE'S THEIR WITCH DOCTOR, YOU KNOW...!
A SHORT WHILE LATER.. A NATIVE SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE TRAIL..
I WITCH DOCTOR'S SON! I HEAR YOU OFFER MONEY FOR DRUM... I GET DRUM FOR YOU! I GIVE MONEY TO FATHER..HE LIKE MONEY!
SO THE OLD BOY CHANGED HIS MIND, HUH? WELL, ALL RIGHT...WE'LL PAY YOU TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS NOW, AND SEVENTY-FIVE WHEN YOU BRING THE DRUM TO TOWN! BE ON THE DOCK EARLY TOMORROW... WE SAIL AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!
THE NEXT MORNING
I BRING DRUM! YOU PAY!
SURE, HERE'S YOUR MONEY!
HOW WONDERFUL! WE HAVE JUST TIME TO GET IT PUT ABOARD!
MEANWHILE...
THE DRUM! IT'S GONE.. GONE!
2

THE THIEF THAT STEAL THE DRUM OF DOOM ...SHALL NEVER SEE ANOTHER MOON!
FRED! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THE NATIVE WHO SOLD US THE DRUM!
PROBABLY FAINTED! THEY DON'T EAT THE RIGHT THINGS ...NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! GET ABOARD, ANNETTE!
DEAD...! AND NOT A MARK ON HIM!
LATER.... IN ANNETTE'S DANCE STUDIO IN NEW YORK...
THIS DRUM DANCE WILL PANIC 'EM IN YOUR NIGHT CLUB, MR. ADAMS! ANNETTE WILL BE IN NATIVE COSTUME, OF COURSE! WE'LL HAVE A BACK-DROP TO SUGGEST THE JUNGLE!
IN FARAWAY HAITI, THE SILENCE OF THE JUNGLE IS ABRUPTLY BROKEN BY THE RHYTHMIC THUDDING OF DRUM BEATS! THE SOUNDS SWELL LOUDER.... UNTIL IT BOOMS THROUGH THE GREAT LEAFY WILDERNESS!
THE SOUND OF THE DRUM! IT SUMMONS THEM FROM THE GRAVE!
ZOMBIES!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
THEY ANSWER THE CALL!!
OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS OF THE NEW YORK DANCE STUDIO... STRANGE FORMS BEGIN TO GATHER.....
THAT'S ENOUGH, ANNETTE! I THINK MR. ADAMS IS SATISFIED!
I'M MORE THAN SATISFIED...! TERRIFIC IDEA! IT'LL BE A SMASH HIT! I'LL BOOK YOU RIGHT NOW FOR A SOLID MONTH IN CLUB SUPREME!

A SINGLE BEAM OF LIGHT PLAYS ON ANNETTE, AS SHE SPRINGS UP ON THE GREAT DRUM THREE NIGHTS LATER! THE CROWDED NIGHT CLUB IS HUSHED! THEN, ANNETTE'S FEET BEGIN TAPPING OUT A FRENZIED, RHYTHMIC TATTOO ON THE DRUM HEAD.....




GLIDING THROUGH THE CHOKED STREETS OF NEW YORK'S THEATRICAL DISTRICT COME CREATURES WHOSE EYES STARE VACANTLY FROM DEAD, EXPRESSIONLESS FACES—AND ON WHOSE CLOTHES STILL CLING THE DAMP EARTH OF THE GRAVE!




BUT NOTHING CAN STOP THE GHASTLY INVASION!

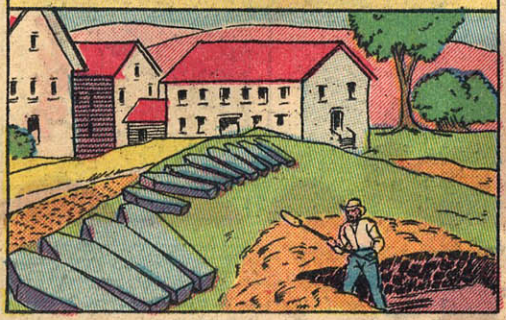
ALMOST NUMB WITH TERROR, ANNETTE OBEYS FRED'S COMMAND... AND THE SECOND HER FEET START TAPPING AGAINST THE DRUM HEAD, THE DRUM IS PUT DOWN AND THE CREATURES ENCIRCLE IT, CLAPPING IN TIME..!

ANNETTE! JUMP!!
GRASPING A RAZOR-SHARP MEAT CLEAVER, FRED RUSHES BACK TO THE DANCE FLOOR!
THWOK!
THEY... THOSE AWFUL THINGS ARE DISAPPEARING, FRED!
YES, THANK HEAVEN! THE DRUM HEAD IS BROKEN... AND SO IS THE SPELL!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING....
THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL OVER TOWN FOR YOU....! THE PERFORMANCE LAST NIGHT WAS TERRIFIC!
MAYBE TOO SENSATIONAL...WITH THAT CREW OF GOONS YOU RANG IN WITHOUT TELLING ME... BUT IT MADE ALL THE PAPERS! I WANT TO SIGN YOU UP EXCLUSIVELY, ANNETTE... AND I'LL DOUBLE THE MONEY! WHERE'S THE DRUM... I SHOULD INSURE IT..!
THE DRUM IS GOING BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGS...WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN IT! IT'S ONLY FOR THOSE WHO HAVE THE MYSTIC KNOWLEDGE OF VOODOO! I'M LUCKY TO STILL BE ALIVE!!
the end
5

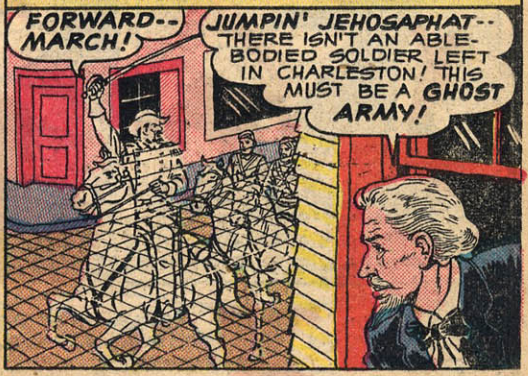
# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

## ARMY of the DEAD

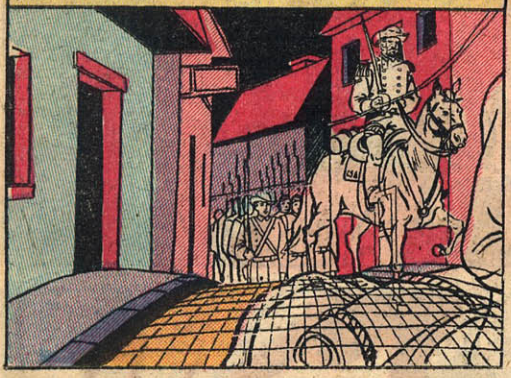
DURING THE CIVIL WAR, THE YARD OF THE TRAPMAN STREET HOSPITAL IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, BECAME A BURYING GROUND FOR HUNDREDS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WHO DIED OF THEIR WOUNDS IN THE HOSPITAL -- SOLDIERS WHO WERE SOON TO **RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES AND ATTEMPT TO FIGHT AGAIN!**



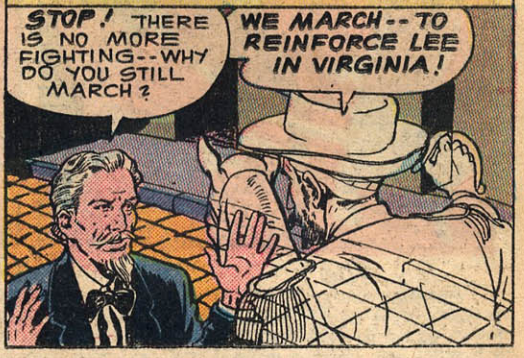
ONE NIGHT, WHEN GENERAL LEE'S FORCES WERE BEING HARD-PRESSED IN VIRGINIA, THE DOCTORS IN THE HOSPITAL WERE AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF HORSES' HOOVES AND LOUD, MARTIAL CRIES...




YES, FROM OUT OF THEIR GRAVES THE DEAD ROSE TO MARCH ONCE AGAIN, GLOWING EERILY BENEATH THE MIDNIGHT MOON -- ONLY TO FADE AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN STRUCK...

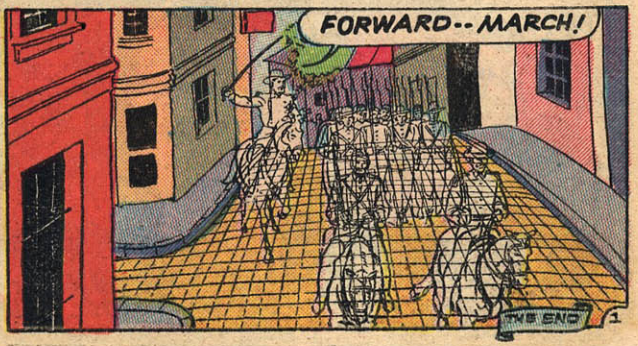


MIDNIGHT AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE GHOSTLY ARMY ROSE AND MARCHED -- EVEN AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER! FINALLY THE BRAVEST OF THE HOSPITAL DOCTORS TRIED TO INTERCEPT THE UNCANNY PROCESSION...

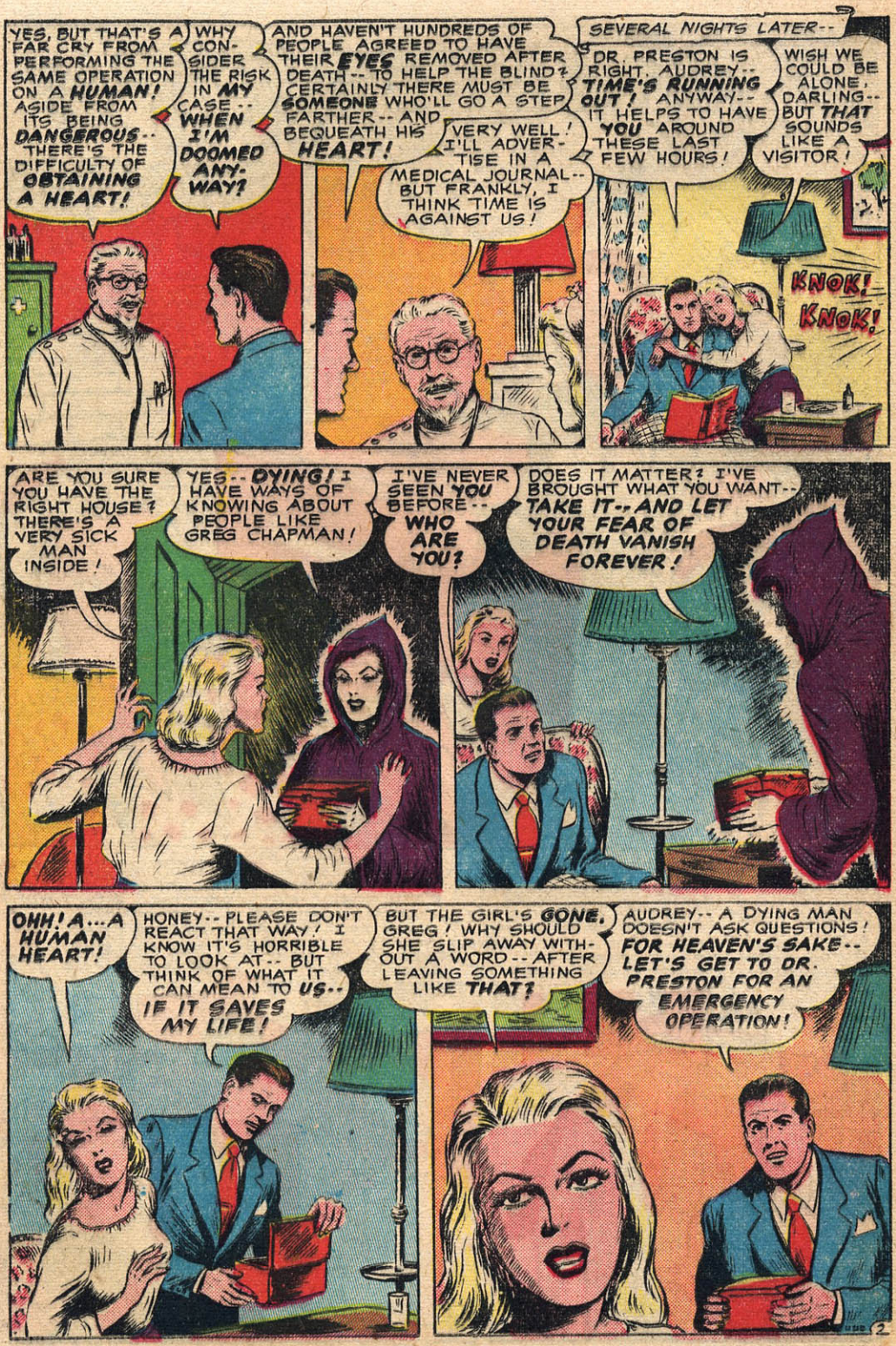



THEY... THEY DON'T KNOW THAT PEACE HAS COME FOR THE LIVING! NO ONE COULD SIGN A PEACE FOR THE DEAD -- SO THEY'LL KEEP ON RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES -- MARCHING UNTIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

BUT WHEN THE HOSPITAL WAS DESTROYED BY A CYCLONE AND EARTHQUAKE THAT BURIED THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES UNDER RUBBLE, THE GHOSTLY ARMY ROSE NO MORE! EXCEPT THAT EVEN TODAY, RESIDENTS STILL CLAIM THAT AT MIDNIGHT, THEY CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF HORSES' HOOVES AND MARCHING MEN -- THE TRUMPETING COMMAND TO ADVANCE!

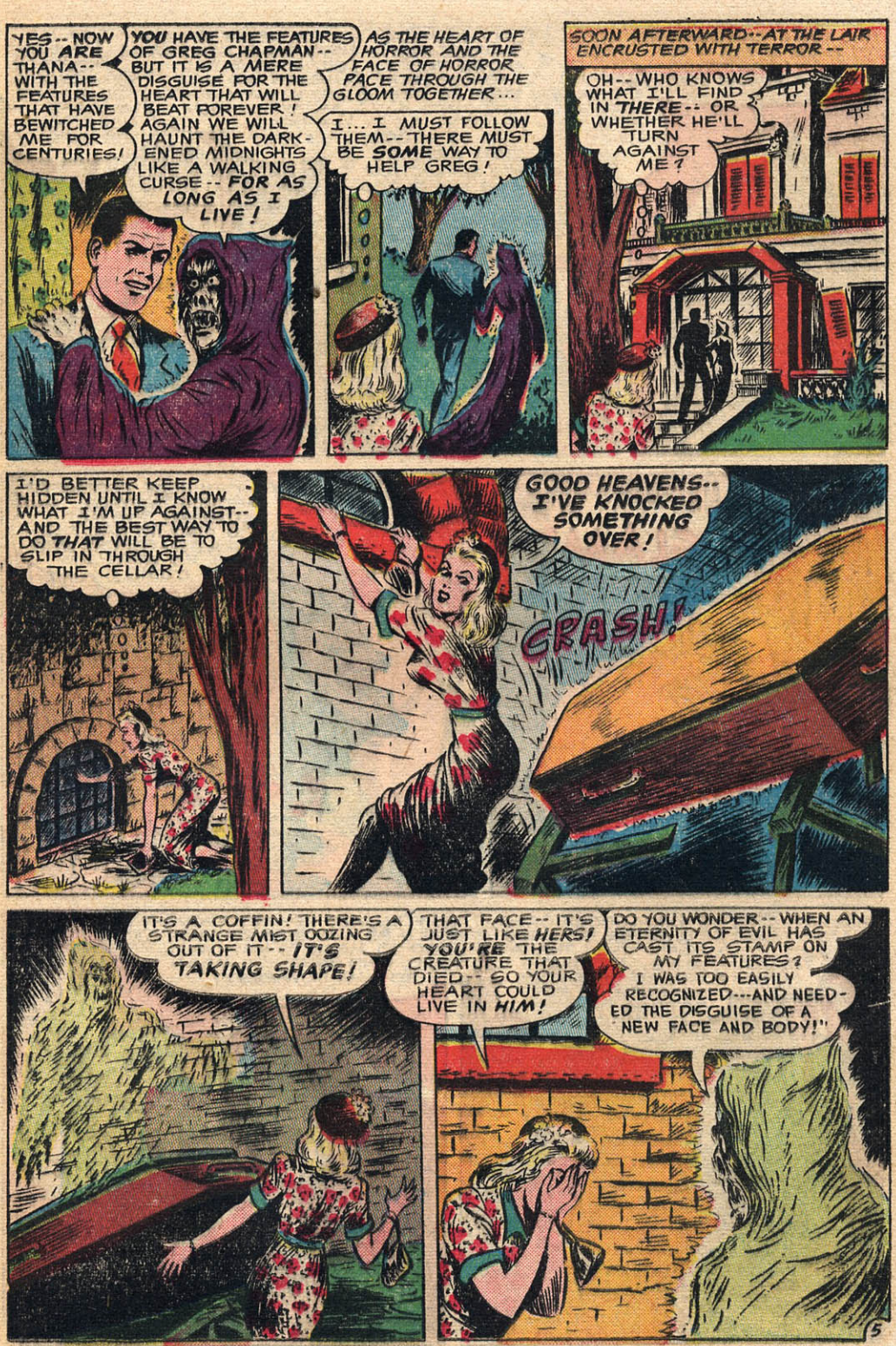


THE HEART OF HORROR
MEN HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FALL UNDER THE EVIL WILL OF A CREATURE FROM THE BEYOND -- REMAINING FOREVER ENSLAVED TO ITS SHADOWY PRESENCE -- ANSWERING ITS CALL TO A MIDNIGHT TRYST OF TERROR! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GREG CHAPMAN WAS EVEN WORSE -- WHEN HE MADE A NERVE-SHATTERING CHOICE BETWEEN DEATH -- AND THE HEART OF HORROR!
GREG, I KNOW DR. PRESTON IS THE WORLD'S LEADING HEART SPECIALIST -- BUT I WISH YOU WOULDN'T APPROACH HIM WITH THIS WILD IDEA YOU'VE GOT!
DON'T YOU REALIZE I'M DESPERATE, AUDREY? I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR, INCLUDING THE PROSPECT OF MARRYING YOU -- BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LIVE UNLESS DR. PRESTON HELPS ME!
MINUTES LATER --
I'M SORRY, MR. CHAPMAN, BUT THE PLAIN FACT IS THAT YOU'RE IN THE LAST STAGE OF AN ACUTE HEART DISEASE! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR RECENT EXPERIMENTS, DOCTOR? DIDN'T YOU SUCCESSFULLY TRANSPLANT THE HEARTS OF ANIMALS?


YES, BUT THAT'S A FAR CRY FROM PERFORMING THE SAME OPERATION ON A HUMAN! ASIDE FROM ITS BEING DANGEROUS-- THERE'S THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING A HEART!
WHY CONSIDER THE RISK IN MY CASE-- WHEN I'M DOOMED ANYWAY!
AND HAVEN'T HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE AGREED TO HAVE THEIR EYES REMOVED AFTER DEATH-- TO HELP THE BLIND? CERTAINLY THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO'LL GO A STEP FARTHER-- AND BEQUEATH HIS HEART!
VERY WELL! I'LL ADVERTISE IN A MEDICAL JOURNAL-- BUT FRANKLY, I THINK TIME IS AGAINST US!
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER--
DR. PRESTON IS RIGHT, AUDREY-- TIME'S RUNNING OUT! ANYWAY-- IT HELPS TO HAVE YOU AROUND THESE LAST FEW HOURS!
WISH WE COULD BE ALONE, DARLING-- BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE A VISITOR!
KNOK! KNOK!
ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT HOUSE? THERE'S A VERY SICK MAN INSIDE!
YES-- DYING! I HAVE WAYS OF KNOWING ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE GREG CHAPMAN!
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE-- WHO ARE YOU?
DOES IT MATTER? I'VE BROUGHT WHAT YOU WANT-- TAKE IT-- AND LET YOUR FEAR OF DEATH VANISH FOREVER!
OHH! A...A HUMAN HEART!
HONEY-- PLEASE DON'T REACT THAT WAY! I KNOW IT'S HORRIBLE TO LOOK AT-- BUT THINK OF WHAT IT CAN MEAN TO US-- IF IT SAVES MY LIFE!
BUT THE GIRL'S GONE, GREG! WHY SHOULD SHE SLIP AWAY WITHOUT A WORD-- AFTER LEAVING SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
AUDREY-- A DYING MAN DOESN'T ASK QUESTIONS! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- LET'S GET TO DR. PRESTON FOR AN EMERGENCY OPERATION!
2

IF IT HAD ONLY BEEN DONE SOME OTHER WAY, GREG! DR. PRESTON SAID HE'D ADVERTISE -- BUT I NEVER DREAMED A STRANGER WOULD BRING IT TO US -- AT MIDNIGHT!
IT'S A GOOD THING SHE DID, HONEY -- BECAUSE UNLESS SOMETHING'S DONE FAST -- THIS'LL BE MY LAST MIDNIGHT!
SOON AFTER-WARD --
GOOD LORD, GREG! WHAT INSANE METHOD DID YOU USE TO GET THIS -- WHOSE IS IT?
DOC -- DON'T WASTE TIME ASKING QUESTIONS! IT'S YOUR DUTY TO OPERATE -- NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT WHAT WAS NEEDED!
WITHIN A FEW MINUTES -- THE DEFT SCALPEL IS AT WORK -- REMOVING GREG CHAPMAN'S FAILING HEART -- AND RE-PLACING IT WITH THE HEART OF HORROR!
AT THAT MOMENT -- IN A HOUSE OVER-LADEN WITH MUSTY EVIL --
THANA -- THANA!
I AM HERE, SINISTER ONE! COME FORTH FROM YOUR RESTLESS DEATH -- THIS IS THE REUNION I HAVE YEARNED FOR!
OH! IS THIS ALL DEATH HAS LEFT OF YOU -- A LIFELESS SPIRIT?
AND SOMETHING ELSE, THANA! THERE IS A PART OF ME THAT HAS PULSED WILDLY OVER A LEGION OF OPENED GRAVES -- A PART THAT BEATS WITH UNHOLY LOVE FOR YOU -- MY HEART!
AND IT WILL BE THE SAME HEART IN ANY OTHER BODY, THANA! A HEART THAT IS DEATHLESS BECAUSE IT LIVES ON DEATH -- A HEART WHOSE BLACK THROBBING WILL BE A SUMMONS TO YOU -- A HEART THAT IS ME!
THREE WEEKS LATER --
I KNOW THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL, DR. PRESTON -- BUT I DON'T FEEL RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT PEOPLE -- THEY DON'T LOOK THE SAME TO ME!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GREG -- YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO GO HOME TOMORROW! COME ON, AUDREY -- IT'S TIME HE RESTED!
10
3

AUDREY, THERE'S SOMETHING I COULDN'T ASK YOU WHILE GREG WAS STILL ON THE CRITICAL LIST! WHERE DID HE GET THAT HEART?
WHY, A GIRL BROUGHT IT, A STRANGER-- PROBABLY SOMEONE WHO'D SEEN YOUR ADVERTISEMENT!
I FELT GREG'S CASE WAS HOPELESS, AUDREY! THERE WASN'T ANY ADVERTISEMENT!
AND YET SHE SAID SHE HAD WAYS OF LEARNING ABOUT PEOPLE WHO ARE DYING! WHAT DID SHE MEAN, DOCTOR-- WHOSE HEART DID SHE BRING TO GREG?
THE FOLLOWING EVENING--
I HATE TO SAY THIS, AUDREY-- BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I USED TO THINK YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL-- AND NOW I CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LOOK AT YOU!
HIS VOICE SOUNDS SO STRANGE! IT'S NOT ONLY THE HEART THAT HAS CHANGED, BUT THE PERSON-- AND IN A WAY THAT MAKES ME SHUDDER!
MINUTES LATER-- AT GREG'S DARKENED HOME--
GREG--WAIT! THERE'S SOMEONE HERE!
THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU-- BUT HE EXPECTS ME!
FOR A SECOND-- I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED YOUR VOICE! BUT YOU'RE A STRANGER, TOO-- JUST AS HIDEOUS AS THE REST OF THEM!
BECAUSE I LOOK HUMAN? WATCH, BELOVED-- AND YOU WILL SEE THANA AS SHE IS-- AS YOU ADORE HER!
THEN-- AS IF A VEIL HAD BEEN EATEN AWAY BY THE CORRODING EVIL UNDERNEATH--
GOOD HEAVENS, GREG-- SHE'S CHANGED-- HIDEOUSLY!
THAT FACE-- THOSE EYES--- WHERE HAVE I SEEN THEM BEFORE?
GREG--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!


YES -- NOW YOU ARE THANA -- WITH THE FEATURES THAT HAVE BEWITCHED ME FOR CENTURIES!
YOU HAVE THE FEATURES OF GREG CHAPMAN -- BUT IT IS A MERE DISGUISE FOR THE HEART THAT WILL BEAT FOREVER! AGAIN WE WILL HAUNT THE DARKENED MIDNIGHTS LIKE A WALKING CURSE -- FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE!
AS THE HEART OF HORROR AND THE FACE OF HORROR PACE THROUGH THE GLOOM TOGETHER...
I... I MUST FOLLOW THEM -- THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP GREG!
SOON AFTERWARD -- AT THE LAIR ENCRUSTED WITH TERROR --
OH -- WHO KNOWS WHAT I'LL FIND IN THERE -- OR WHETHER HE'LL TURN AGAINST ME?
I'D BETTER KEEP HIDDEN UNTIL I KNOW WHAT I'M UP AGAINST -- AND THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT WILL BE TO SLIP IN THROUGH THE CELLAR!
GOOD HEAVENS -- I'VE KNOCKED SOMETHING OVER!
CRASH!
IT'S A COFFIN! THERE'S A STRANGE MIST OOZING OUT OF IT -- IT'S TAKING SHAPE!
THAT FACE -- IT'S JUST LIKE HERS! YOU'RE THE CREATURE THAT DIED -- SO YOUR HEART COULD LIVE IN HIM!
DO YOU WONDER -- WHEN AN ETERNITY OF EVIL HAS CAST ITS STAMP ON MY FEATURES? I WAS TOO EASILY RECOGNIZED -- AND NEEDED THE DISGUISE OF A NEW FACE AND BODY!"
5

AND NOW I CAN CONTINUE MY WAYS OF EVIL -- NOW THAT MY HEART LIVES ON IN A HUMAN BODY!
GREG'S BODY WON'T GIVE YOU A REFUGE FOREVER! HE'LL DIE -- JUST AS YOU DID!
ONLY WHEN EVIL CHANGES HIM -- AND HE NEEDS ANOTHER BODY! THEN HE WILL LOOK INTO A MIRROR, AS I DID -- A MIRROR THAT CATCHES HIS REFLECTION AND HIS BLOOD AT THE SAME TIME!
I AM READY TO DEPART INTO THE BLACK BEYOND -- BUT FIRST I WILL SUMMON THE MAN WHO HAS MY HEART -- AND WATCH WHAT HE DOES TO YOU!
IF MY COURAGE HOLDS OUT, YOU MONSTER -- YOU MAY BE WATCHING MORE THAN YOU EXPECT!
SLAM!
THANA -- THANA!
I CAN HEAR FOOTSTEPS ABOVE -- THEY'RE COMING! I'VE GOT TO FIND MY NAIL-FILE -- FAST -- BEFORE SHE SEES WHAT I'M DOING!
MOMENTS LATER --
THANA -- LOOK!
HE'S NO LONGER GREG -- HE'LL NEVER BE GREG AGAIN WHILE THANA'S ALIVE -- AND THAT'S WHY MY LAST HOPE DEPENDS ON NOT GETTING PANICKY NOW!
YOU FOLLOWED US -- YOU THOUGHT HE WOULD BE WON OVER BY WHAT YOU USED TO MEAN TO HIM! WELL -- YOU'LL FIND WHAT YOU MEAN TO HIM NOW -- PREY!

KILL--KILL! LET YOUR FIRST VICTIM PROVE THAT YOU FIND ME BEAUTIFUL--THAT YOU WILL LOVE ME FOREVER!
HOW COULD ANY-ONE LOVE YOU--WITH A FACE LIKE THAT? DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE--OR ARE YOU AFRAID TO FIND OUT?
GIVE ME THAT COMPACT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M AFRAID--AND THEN YOU'LL HAVE AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW ME!
AHH! I SEE BEAUTY IN THE MIRROR--I SEE THE KIND OF EVIL CHARM THAT MAKES HIM MY SLAVE!
LOOK CLOSELY, THANA! I SHARPENED THE EDGE OF THE COMPACT WITH MY NAIL FILE--DO YOU SEE ANYTHING ELSE?
I'VE CUT MY FINGER! THERE'S BLOOD ON THE GLASS--AND MY REFLECTION! THAT COMBINATION---IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CREATURES CAN BE---KILLED---
THEN--IN THE HIDEOUS FINAL THROES OF ANGUISH--
YOU--YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS TO DIE! HELP ME--HELP ME!
THANA--YOU WERE TRICKED--TRICKED INTO DOOMING US BOTH!
GREG--THEY'VE VANISHED! DARLING, THERE'S NOTHING THAT EVIL PAIR CAN CLAIM NOW--NOT EVEN THE HEART THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME, AUDREY! IT'S JUST LIKE A MIST BEING CLEARED FROM MY MIND--A POISONOUS HAZE CHARGED WITH CENTURIES OF EVIL!
AAGH!
HONEY--I KNOW THIS ORDEAL MUST HAVE SEEMED A LIFETIME TO YOU! BUT WE'VE GOT THE REAL LIFE-TIME AHEAD OF US--TOGETHER!
WE'RE GOING TO BE HAPPY, GREG--HAPPY ENOUGH TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING! AND IF YOU DO THINK OF THANA NOW AND THEN, IT'LL BE BECAUSE MY COOKING GIVES YOU NIGHTMARES!
The End

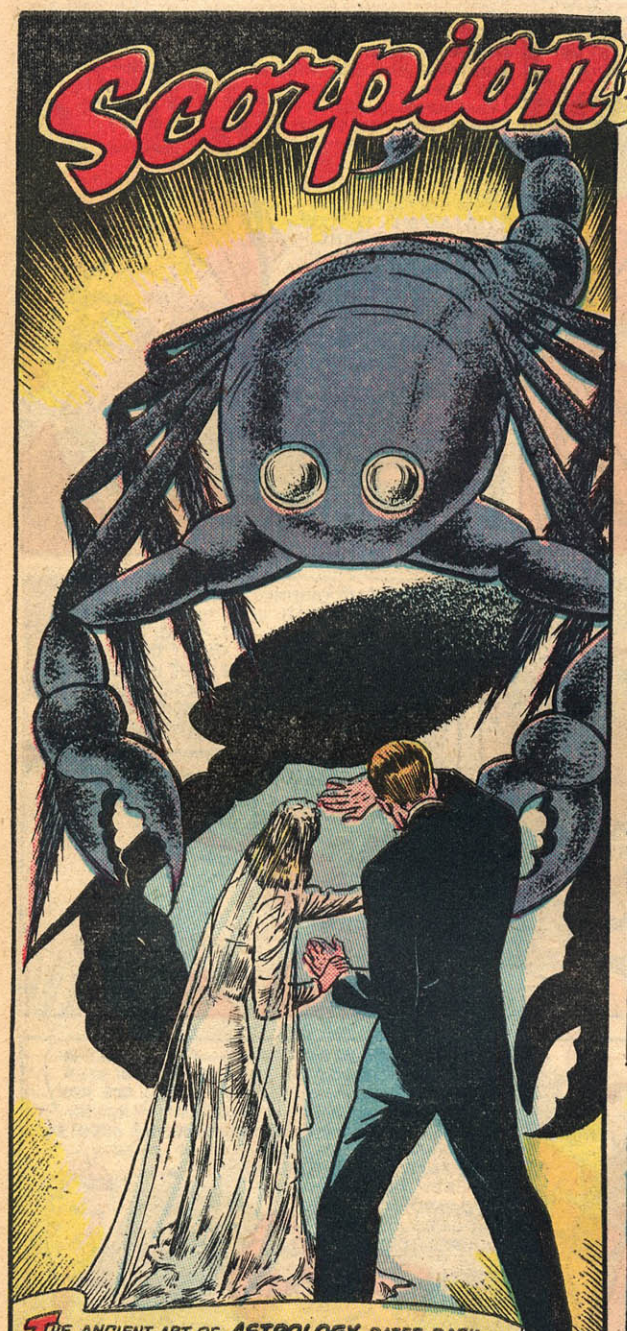
# OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

IT HARDLY SEEMS yesterday that we were talking over our first issue with you, our new readers...and here's our second! We've looked forward to it, feeling as we do that all of you are already old friends. You've made us feel that way through the fine enthusiasm with which you greeted our first issue, which was a virtual sellout. Even newsdealers...generally an unemotional lot...were moved to direct interested and curious queries our way. "What sort of magazine *is* this *'Out of The Night'?*" they asked. For it seems that they were unaccustomed to the type of reception which the public accorded our new magazine. From coast to coast, the stampede was on, with reorders pouring in with each mail. For this, our thanks to *you*...to the magnificent support which you've lent us!

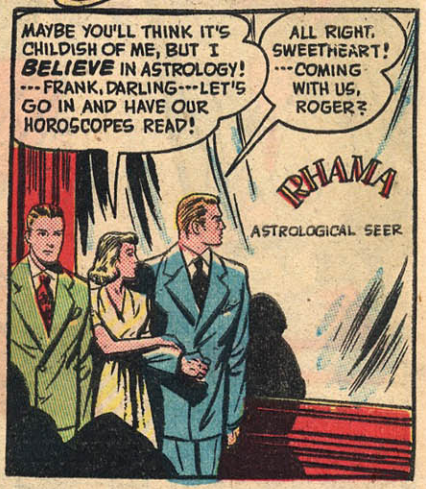
We're grateful to each and every one of you...more grateful than you'll ever know. For you've signified wholehearted approval of our editorial stand...namely, that what readers wanted were tense and gripping stories of the great supernatural... stories which were fast-paced, thrilling, spine-tingling...but stories based on challenging imagination rather than mere senseless horror. That's what we are striving to bring you, calling upon the best available talent in writing and illustration. And it's what we're going to *continue* to do... striving all the while for constant improvement. Never shall we be satisfied with less than the best...and we do not want *you* to be, either. It is with precisely this thought in mind that the current issue has been devised. From cover to cover, it's a real thriller...jam-packed with breathless excitement. You'll find that excitement in *"The Vampire's Fate!"*...as weird a story of midnight menace as ever you've read. You'll tense to *"Drum of Doom"*, and label it a chiller par excellence. *"Heart of Horror"* is a strange and eerie yarn right out of the night for fair. And *"Scorpion From The Stars"* should wring a long-remembered gasp from all of you.

It all adds up to an issue that's guaranteed for super-thrills. But we won't be satisfied until we know what *you* think of it! Won't you write us...*now*...and tell us your opinions? Which story did you like best...and why? And what would you like to see in future issues of *"Out of The Night"*? We want to know because this is *your* magazine, and *you* must be satisfied. Address your letters to *The Editor, "Out of The Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. If space permits, we'll try to publish what you write. But meanwhile...*let's hear from you!*

# Scorpion from the STARS

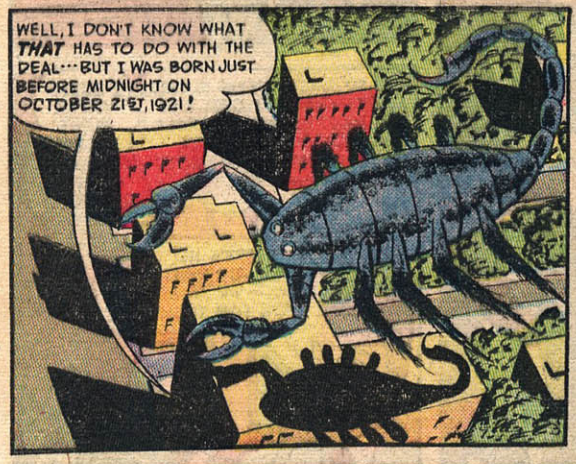


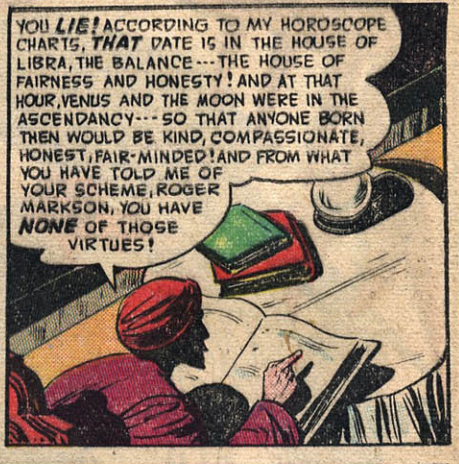
THE ANCIENT ART OF **ASTROLOGY** DATES BACK SOME 3,000 YEARS TO THE EARLY BABYLONIANS---AND SINCE THEN, ITS OCCULT PRACTITIONERS CLAIM IT HAS BEEN DEVELOPED INTO A HIGH **SCIENCE!** COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF INTELLIGENT PEOPLE TODAY ARE FIRM BELIEVERS THAT THE FATE AND FUTURE OF HUMAN BEINGS CAN BE READ IN THE STARS---AND HERE'S A TALE OF TERROR THAT WILL MAKE **YOU** WONDER --- AND **SHUDDER!**



RHAMA? MY NAME'S ROGER MARKSON···AND I WANT TO TELL YOU RIGHT OFF THE BAT THAT I KNOW YOU'RE A PHONEY!
THEN WHY HAVE YOU COME TO ME, O DISBELIEVER?

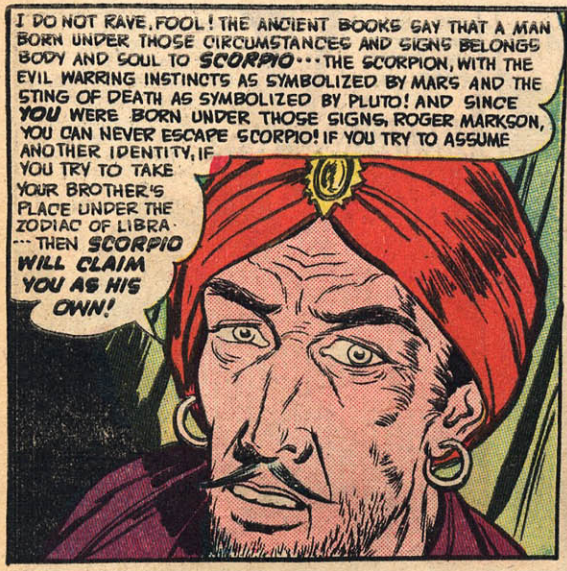
BECAUSE I CAN USE YOU! TOMORROW NIGHT, A GIRL BY THE NAME OF JUNE HOPEWELL WILL BE COMING HERE WITH MY TWIN BROTHER FRANK··· AND I WANT YOU TO TELL HER THAT ONLY TRAGEDY AND UNHAPPINESS WILL FOLLOW IF SHE MARRIES HIM! THIS HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL IS YOURS IF YOU DO IT···AND YOU'LL GET ANOTHER ONE IF YOU TELL HER SHE'LL BE HAPPY ONLY IF SHE MARRIES ME!
I UNDERSTAND! TELL ME, DISBELIEVER···WHAT IS THE HOUR AND DATE OF YOUR BIRTH?


WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH THE DEAL···BUT I WAS BORN JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT ON OCTOBER 21ST, 1921!

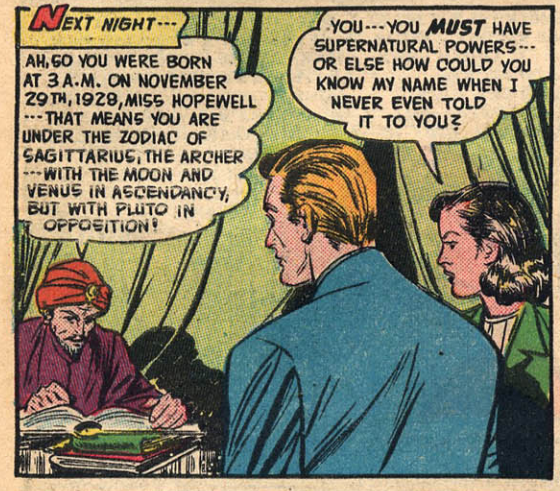

YOU LIE! ACCORDING TO MY HOROSCOPE CHARTS, THAT DATE IS IN THE HOUSE OF LIBRA, THE BALANCE···THE HOUSE OF FAIRNESS AND HONESTY! AND AT THAT HOUR, VENUS AND THE MOON WERE IN THE ASCENDANCY···SO THAT ANYONE BORN THEN WOULD BE KIND, COMPASSIONATE, HONEST, FAIR-MINDED! AND FROM WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME OF YOUR SCHEME, ROGER MARKSON, YOU HAVE NONE OF THOSE VIRTUES!

ALL RIGHT, SO WHAT IF I DID LIE··· WHAT IF I DID GIVE YOU MY BROTHER FRANK'S BIRTH-DATE? WE'RE IDENTICAL TWINS, EXCEPT THAT I WAS BORN JUST HALF AN HOUR LATER, ON OCTOBER 22ND···AND I GUESS I WANT SO DESPERATELY TO TAKE MY BROTHER'S PLACE WITH JUNE THAT I EVEN WISH I HAD HIS BIRTH-DATE! BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

YOUR···YOUR TRUE HOROSCOPE···IT··· IT'S INCREDIBLE! THE ANCIENT BOOKS SAID IT WAS POSSIBLE ···BUT NEVER IN ALL OF ASTROLOGICAL TIME HAS THERE EVER BEEN RECORDED AN ACTUAL CASE···OF A MAN BORN AT THE EXACT TIME THAT THE MOON ENTERED THE ZODIAC OF SCORPIO, WITH MARS AND PLUTO IN CONJUNCTION!
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT?


I DO NOT RAVE, FOOL! THE ANCIENT BOOKS SAY THAT A MAN BORN UNDER THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES AND SIGNS BELONGS BODY AND SOUL TO SCORPIO··· THE SCORPION, WITH THE EVIL WARRING INSTINCTS AS SYMBOLIZED BY MARS AND THE STING OF DEATH AS SYMBOLIZED BY PLUTO! AND SINCE YOU WERE BORN UNDER THOSE SIGNS, ROGER MARKSON, YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE SCORPIO! IF YOU TRY TO ASSUME ANOTHER IDENTITY, IF YOU TRY TO TAKE YOUR BROTHER'S PLACE UNDER THE ZODIAC OF LIBRA··· THEN SCORPIO WILL CLAIM YOU AS HIS OWN!

YOU'RE A MANIAC! I'LL FIND SOME OTHER ASTROLOGER IN TOWN WHO'LL AGREE TO MY SCHEME!
NO··· WAIT! I··· I WILL DO AS YOU SAY!

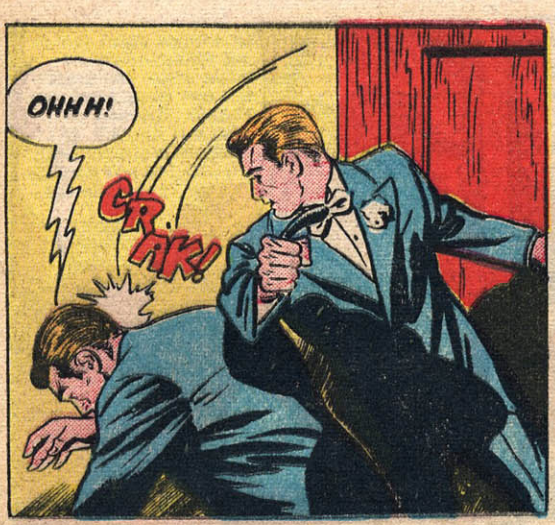

NEXT NIGHT···
AH, SO YOU WERE BORN AT 3 A.M. ON NOVEMBER 29TH, 1928, MISS HOPEWELL ··· THAT MEANS YOU ARE UNDER THE ZODIAC OF SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER ··· WITH THE MOON AND VENUS IN ASCENDANCY, BUT WITH PLUTO IN OPPOSITION!
YOU··· YOU MUST HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS··· OR ELSE HOW COULD YOU KNOW MY NAME WHEN I NEVER EVEN TOLD IT TO YOU?

I KNOW MORE THAN THAT, MISS HOPEWELL! THE HOROSCOPE SHOWS THAT YOU AND YOUR FIANCÉ, FRANK MARKSON, ARE PERFECT FOR EACH OTHER! BUT WITH PLUTO IN OPPOSITION, THERE IS A CHANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH··· WHICH WILL PROBABLY COME FROM THE HANDS OF ROGER MARKSON! SO I URGE YOU TO MARRY FRANK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE··· AND THEREBY FOIL ROGER AND PLUTO!

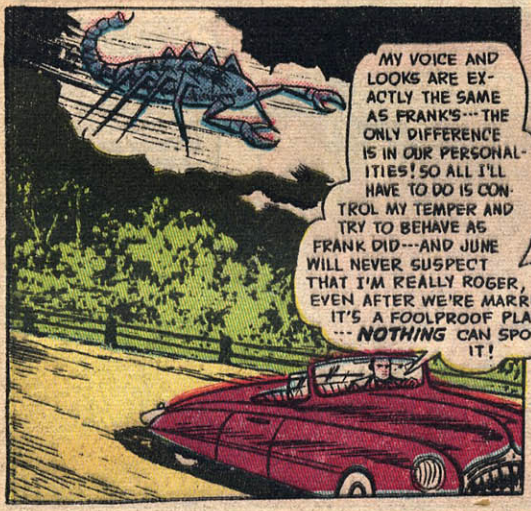
I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN MY BROTHER HAD A MAD STREAK OF JEALOUSY IN HIM··· I THINK WE'LL FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE, RHAMA!
YES, AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST IN US··· WE'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL!
MY BLESSINGS ON YOU BOTH, MY CHILDREN!

BUT AS SOON AS JUNE AND FRANK LEAVE···
YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER··· I'LL KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU SAID! AND THEN I'LL KILL MY BROTHER AND ASSUME HIS IDENTITY··· SO THAT I CAN TAKE HIS PLACE AT THE ALTAR!

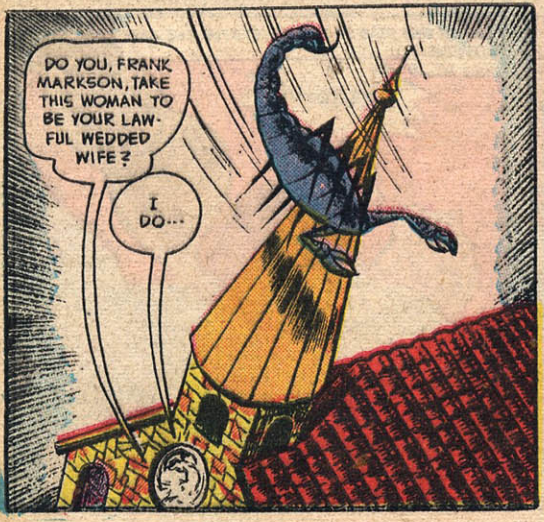
SUDDENLY---
WHA---!
GET---GET AWAY FROM ME---WHATEVER YOU ARE!
HARM HIM NOT, O SCORPIO---FOR HE KNEW NOT WHAT HE SAID! HE DID NOT MEAN TO REBEL AGAINST HIS SCORPIO HOROSCOPE--HE WILL NEVER TRY TO ASSUME ANOTHER IDENTITY UNDER LIBRA!
FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE MONSTROUS SCORPION FROM THE STARS HESITATES, ITS ENORMOUS STINGER POISED TO STRIKE---AND THEN---
IT---IT VANISHED!
YES, IT RETURNS TO ITS HOME IN THE ZODIAC OF THE STARS---AND NOW YOU HAVE THE PROOF THAT WHAT I SAID WAS TRUE, ROGER MARKSON!
REMEMBER---IF YOU TRY TO ASSUME ANOTHER IDENTITY UNDER THE SIGN OF LIBRA, BY TAKING YOUR BROTHER'S PLACE---SCORPIO WILL CLAIM YOU!
BAH---THAT SCORPION WASN'T REAL---IT WAS JUST A MAGICIAN'S PHONEY TRICK, TO SCARE ME! YOU PROBABLY STEPPED ON A BUTTON THAT FLASHED A MOVIE OF AN ENLARGED SCORPION ON AN INVISIBLE SCREEN! BUT NOW I SEE HOW FOOLISH IT WAS TO BOTHER WITH A FRAUD LIKE YOU! I'LL FORGET ABOUT YOU---UNLESS YOU TRY TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!
AN HOUR LATER, AT THE MARKSON RESIDENCE---
ER---JUNE AND I HAVE DECIDED TO ADVANCE OUR WEDDING DATE, ROGER---WE'RE GETTING MARRIED THIS SUNDAY!
HE'S DOING THIS BECAUSE OF WHAT RHAMA SAID! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
SO---JUNE HOPEWELL MARRIES FRANK MARKSON THIS SUNDAY! I THINK I WILL BE AT THE CEREMONY---TO MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T MARRY ROGER MARKSON!
THAT SUNDAY---
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU AGREED TO BE BEST MAN, ROGER---
YES---IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, YOU FOOL!
4


OHHH!
CRAK!

IN HALF AN HOUR, WHEN I'M MARRYING JUNE, THERE'LL BE ENOUGH GAS IN THE ROOM TO BE IGNITED BY THAT CANDLE---AND TO BLOW FRANK TO KINGDOM COME! I'LL JUST TELL JUNE THAT ROGER DECIDED NOT TO COME TO THE CEREMONY---AND SHE'LL BELIEVE THAT HE COMITTED SUICIDE OUT OF UNREQUITED LOVE FOR HER!


MY VOICE AND LOOKS ARE EXACTLY THE SAME AS FRANK'S---THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IN OUR PERSONALITIES! SO ALL I'LL HAVE TO DO IS CONTROL MY TEMPER AND TRY TO BEHAVE AS FRANK DID---AND JUNE WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT I'M REALLY ROGER, EVEN AFTER WE'RE MARRIED! IT'S A FOOLPROOF PLAN ---NOTHING CAN SPOIL IT!

WHY---THERE'S RHAMA! WHAT IF HE KNOWS I'M NOT FRANK---BUT HE COULDN'T! NO ONE IN THE WORLD COULD EVER TELL US APART!

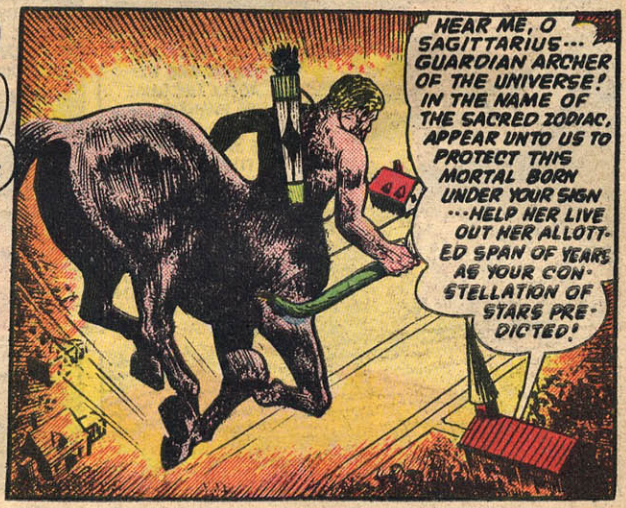

DO YOU, FRANK MARKSON, TAKE THIS WOMAN TO BE YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED WIFE?
I DO...

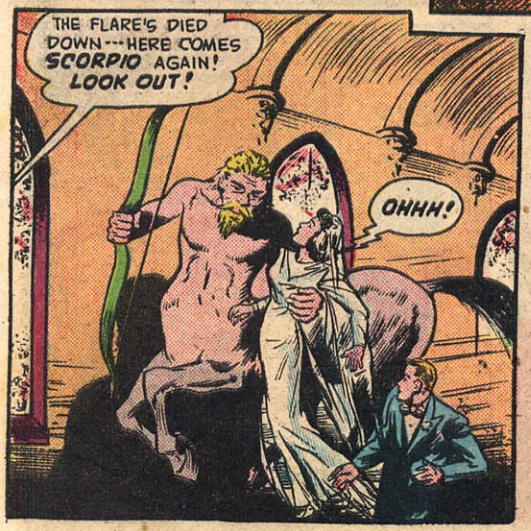
SUDDENLY---TERROR FROM THE SKIES!
HELP!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

GOOD HEAVENS, FRANK--- WHAT--- WHAT IS THAT MONSTER?
I---I DON'T KNOW--- BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO GET ME!
THIS CAN ONLY MEAN THAT YOU ARE NOT FRANK---BUT ROGER MARKSON! SCORPIO HAS COME TO CLAIM HIS OWN---BUT LUCKILY, I CAME PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EVENTUALITY!

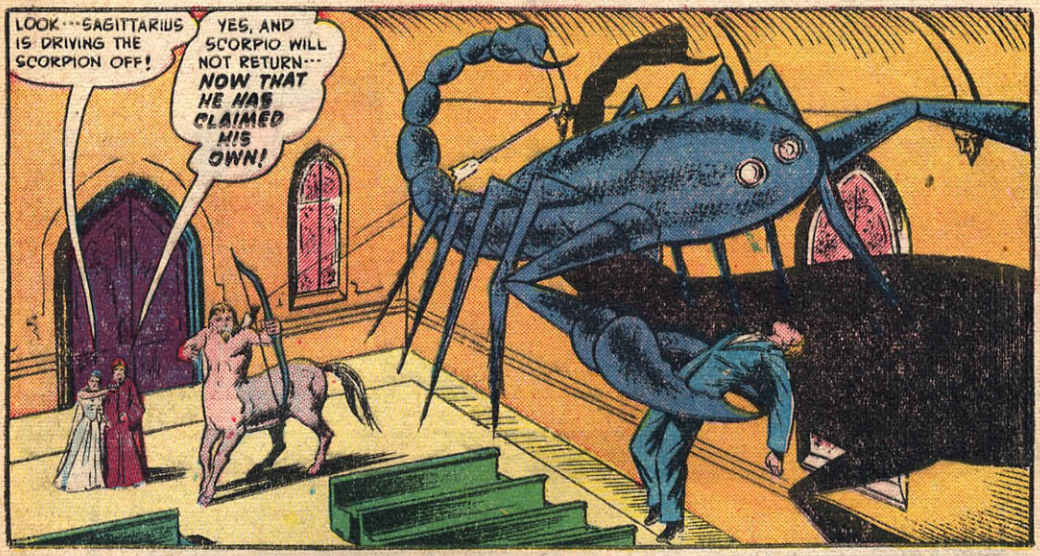
SCORPIONS CAN'T LIVE IN THE PRESENCE OF EXTREME HEAT---AND SINCE THIS ONE CAME FROM THE FROZEN REACHES OF SPACE, IT SHOULD BE ESPECIALLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THIS HOT MAGNESIUM-FLARE GRENADE I BROUGHT ALONG!
POW!

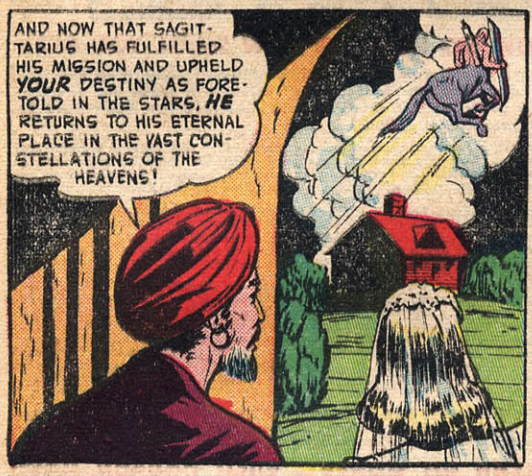
BUT THAT FLARE WON'T LAST LONG! YOU'D BETTER THINK UP ANOTHER TRICK TO KEEP THAT THING AWAY, RHAMA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO KEEP ON USING JUNE AS A SHIELD---SO IF IT GETS ME, IT ALSO GETS HER!
IT CAN'T---HER HOROSCOPE REVEALED SHE HAD A LONG LIFE AHEAD OF HER! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE THAT HOROSCOPE COMES TRUE---BY SUMMONING SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER --- UNDER WHOSE ZODIACAL SIGN SHE WAS BORN!

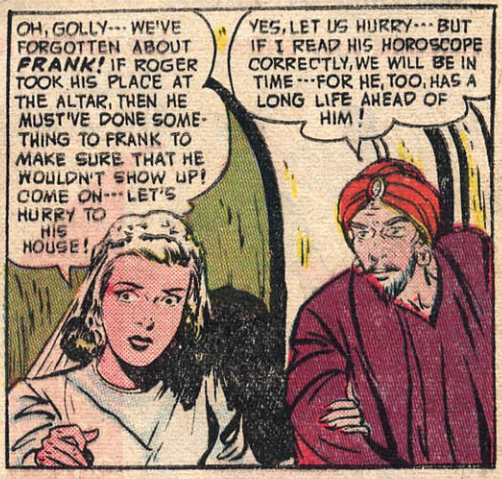

HEAR ME, O SAGITTARIUS--- GUARDIAN ARCHER OF THE UNIVERSE! IN THE NAME OF THE SACRED ZODIAC, APPEAR UNTO US TO PROTECT THIS MORTAL BORN UNDER YOUR SIGN ---HELP HER LIVE OUT HER ALLOTTED SPAN OF YEARS AS YOUR CONSTELLATION OF STARS PREDICTED!

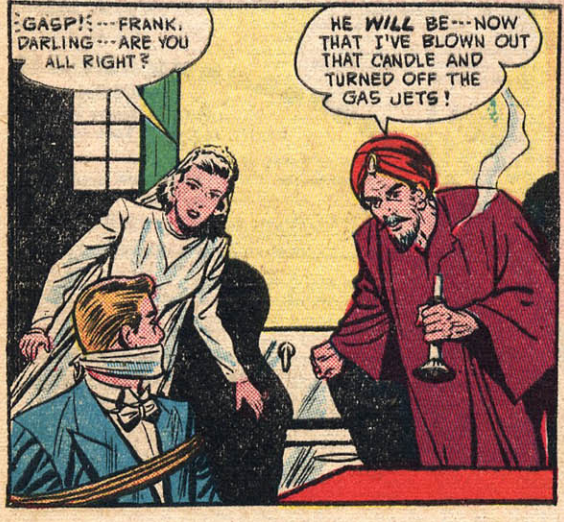

THE FLARE'S DIED DOWN---HERE COMES SCORPIO AGAIN! LOOK OUT!
OHHH!

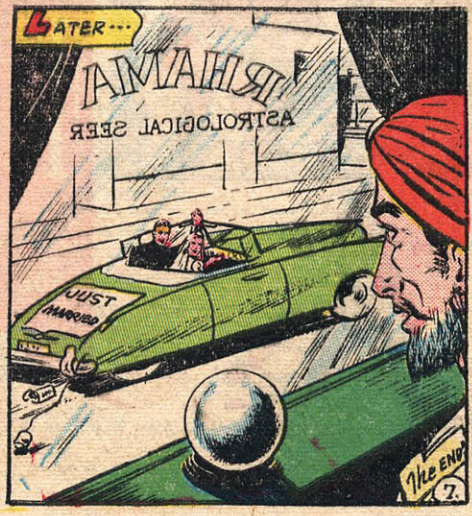
WITH ONE STAB OF THE MONSTROUS TAIL AND STINGER---
YAAAGHH!


LOOK---SAGITTARIUS IS DRIVING THE SCORPION OFF!
YES, AND SCORPIO WILL NOT RETURN--- NOW THAT HE HAS CLAIMED HIS OWN!


AND NOW THAT SAGITTARIUS HAS FULFILLED HIS MISSION AND UPHELD YOUR DESTINY AS FORETOLD IN THE STARS, HE RETURNS TO HIS ETERNAL PLACE IN THE VAST CONSTELLATIONS OF THE HEAVENS!


OH, GOLLY--- WE'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT FRANK! IF ROGER TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE ALTAR, THEN HE MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING TO FRANK TO MAKE SURE THAT HE WOULDN'T SHOW UP! COME ON--- LET'S HURRY TO HIS HOUSE!
YES, LET US HURRY--- BUT IF I READ HIS HOROSCOPE CORRECTLY, WE WILL BE IN TIME--- FOR HE, TOO, HAS A LONG LIFE AHEAD OF HIM!


GASP!--- FRANK, DARLING--- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HE WILL BE--- NOW THAT I'VE BLOWN OUT THAT CANDLE AND TURNED OFF THE GAS JETS!


LATER---
AMAHR
ASTROLOGICAL SEER
JUST MARRIED
THE END

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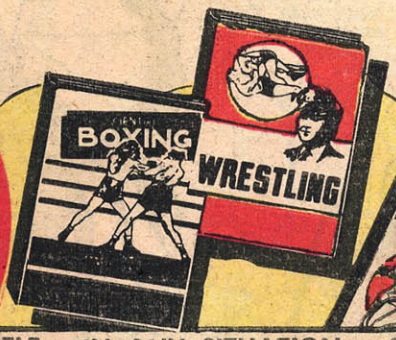


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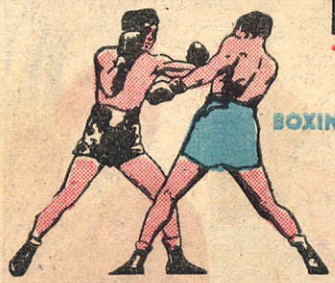


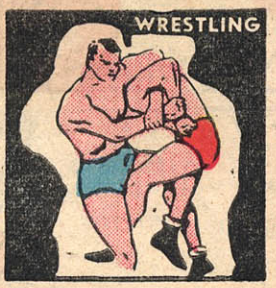

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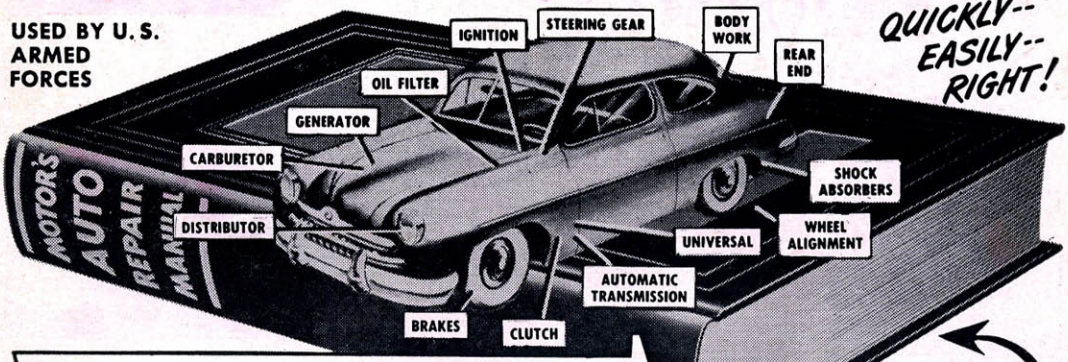


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